

# TO I KE

## THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

(1911 - 1987)

### The First . . .

#### Words of Wisdom

##### Women To Look Out For

1. The blondes who tell you they don't care a cent for money, that love is *all*, and have you got any gin? Give 'em the gin, and they'll eventually get around to telling you that love isn't worth a cent if you haven't the price of a cover charge at the Ritz, or a little remembrance such as a well matched string of pearls.

Now don't get the idea that all blondes are this way. There are two kinds of blondes. The other kind start out by saying that love is not *all*, and they don't give a cent for a guy *without* money, and have you any gin? But they end up where the others started, so you see either kind of blonde is so much dynamite, so only play around with

the very pretty ones.

2. Now about brunettes. There are also two kinds of brunettes: married and single. The married ones are the prettiest, but not necessarily the safest, if you follow us, and if you are out of breath you should lay off the pipe.

The married brunettes have one very bad habit. They eat crackers in your rumble seat, and spill Scotch on the Deco. Otherwise, they're worth an evening, especially a rainy evening. And more especially a rainy evening that their husbands are in Buffalo, or better still, Russia. Well, make it hell, and be done with it!

3. And red-haired girls. &%\$!? S\*!/? \$!":? In case the student has any trouble figuring out the exact meaning of those marks,

Joseph hastens to say that they are Chinese for "Turn On The Heat", which you may have played on your phonograph, but it's a better all-around game on your davenport -- UNLESS she has LONG red hair.

This type deserves a sentence or two. Gals with long red hair use red hairpins. There is little or no danger in a black hairpin, because it might have been lost by Minnie the Maid, or Carrie the Cook, or Sarah the Second Cook -- but a red hairpin means just one thing: a girl with long red hair.

Not many girls have it -- see? Besides the embarrassment of being caught red-handed with a pocketful of red hairpins, red hair gets in your eyes and makes them smart, and that means dark glasses. With dark glasses there's no fun at all, because then all gals look alike, which brings the Professor to the best part of the program.

#### Girls to Look For

1. The girl who says, "If you're sure we'll be home by nine o'clock (to-night) I'll be glad to go, Mr. Campus -- but I might as well warn you now that I'm an old-fashioned girl, and I simply hate liquor -- and petting may be pleasant after you're married, but not before."

Now the thing to do is grab this baby before your room-mate sees her BECAUSE, *she* is the kind of girl who doesn't really care if she doesn't get home until daybreak (and hopes she won't) -- goes for everything but gasoline and pop, and has mastered the finer points of flivver technique while you were in very, very short pants. (This advice alone is worth millions of dollars. If you have some homemade cookies, however, that'll be O.K.)

2. The girl who starts out for a dance with three or four too many undergarments (if we aren't being too personal) -- and one of those "old ironlides" affairs that used to be called corsets (in case you have never heard of a "corset", look in the dictionary).

Anyway, the best part of these girls, well you know what we mean, the best *thing about them*, is that they have a rich old grandmother who has offered to leave them all the dough if they'll dress like "ladies".

Of course, they only wear this superfluous huey until they get outside the garden gate, and then let it down the old well, and prance out on the date with, well, practically nothing much on. Oh, these girls are charming!

Bob Alge, 1930

. . . Editor to get kicked out of Skule™

. . . the tradition  
continues . . .

# AN ALUMNUS RESPONDS

# THE EDITOR SPEAKS

October 23, 1978

Dear Dean Elkin,

I read the series of letters in the September 28 Toike Oike with interest. During my years at the University of Toronto (1961-65) I was quite active in the Engineering Society, being secretary in 62-63 and director of publicity and publications in 63-64. I worked on the Toike during these years and was instrumental in changing it from an "Engineering Newsletter" read by engineering students only, to a humour magazine read across campus. In fact it was my decision to begin cross campus circulation. In the spring of 1964 I made a decision not to run for Engineering Society President. It was a difficult decision; since my name was well known in engineering circles due to my Toike activities, I had reason to believe I would be successful. Instead I decided to become editor of the Toike so as to fulfill the ambition I had as a Toike contributor, that is, to create a "Harvard Lampoon" type campus journal which would be unique in Canada. You must remember that the Harvard Lampoon was relatively unknown and the National Lampoon, its descendant, was some years away.

The 1964-65 Toike Oike was well received on campus. My designer, Lawrie Raskin, created the "TO" motif with arrows (then used to frame the covers) and, indeed, the T'ike 'ike logo is still used on the cover and masthead. In the first issue we noted that "The arrows circling the front page symbolize counter-clockwise motion and in essence form the beloved initials T.O. which recalls Toike

Oike, Toronto, and 'to'."

During the year we published a full fledged TIME takeoff, a US election special (appearing the morning of the election, with LBJ winning on the front cover and Goldwater winning on the back, upside-down front cover), an engineering Open House supplement and a "Scientific Canadian" cover. This latter masterpiece (a Raskin/Morris co-production) was a mosaic or collage of articles torn from the then sex crazed Varsity (tame by present day standards); if you stood back and squinted, a nude appeared.

The impact of Toike was such that then Professor James Ham was very pleased indeed. In fact, he acted as a referee on my successful application for an Athlone Fellowship, which eventually enabled me to get the credentials necessary to apply for my present job. Finally, I was fortunate in being awarded a 1965 SAC Honour Award, probably mostly for my Toike work. At that time, these awards were quite prestigious and only about 20 a year were awarded.

Thus I take great exception to your statement that "you have read enough Toike material in the past decades to know that it is at various degrees of rotten!"

And I differ on more than the basis of the 1965 Toike. Thanks to a friend in the Engineering Stores, I have read the Toike regularly since 1970. Yes, the jokes are crude. We published in much more innocent times and our jokes were orders of magnitude tamer than those presently appearing. In fact, my successor as editor was "fired" for

printing a well known football joke which had explicit, but harmless, religious overtones! Times have changed. But I have read some Toikes in recent years which were superb take offs. I remember the "Trawna Moon" in particular.

My main points are these: the jokes and material in the Toike are no cruder than those in the National Lampoon available at all newsstands to all readers (including children) at an inflated price.

The pictures I have seen (recently at least) are no more risqué than those available to all Playboy readers (including children) and certainly do not approach those of Penthouse, which itself is not as far out as openly available magazines now go.

The humour and parodies written in the Toike range from lousy to terrific. The ratio probably varies from issue to issue and from year to year.

The Toike is circulated on campus to an audience which regards itself as mature and sophisticated, and without a doubt is. If piles of unread Toikes were left lying around, I suspect that the Engineering Society would selectively reduce circulation; they would be stupid not to. Those who do not want to read the Toike do not have to. Its reputation is well known enough to forewarn readers. As for the image of the engineers prompted by the Toike? Well, my generation of Skuleman firmly believed that we should not be "streetcar students", as was the bulk of the University. We had to take risks and stick our necks out to create excitement on campus. We stole Trinity's cake, pre-opened the University Avenue Subway and the new City Hall,

This column has often been used to congratulate the dedicated staff for successfully creating yet another Toike. It has also been customary to tell everyone that this is a humour newspaper; a masterpiece of such renown that Bank Presidents have been known to call us and complain that their copy hasn't arrived yet. I am just not the type of person to belabour points made throughout the past century. Instead I have decided to write a short descriptive allegory which demonstrates the superiority of Engineers in the first world countries.

(Ed's note: My staff hated the story so much that I had to cut it out. I have, however, left in the moral of the story) The moral of the story is: "Engineers and Artists are as different as gliders and automobiles."

Consider for just a moment, gliders are thousands of feel above

cars and Engineers are thousands of I.O. points above artists. An engineer thinks using all three dimensions while an artist only understands two dimensional traffic jams: front-to-back and slide-to-side, going nowhere fast. While the Engineer sees the vast amount of opportunity spanning the horizon, the artist can always be found stopping and looking up, ignoring the world around him and trying desperately to catch a glimpse of the Engineer in action.

One might be tempted to suggest that working in a realm so far beyond the comprehension of the average artist, causes the engineer to live a lonely life, devoid of all social intercourse. But in my closing remarks, let me ask you: How many artists do you know who say more than 'excuse me' on the subway during rush hour in the morning? Think about it!

etc., etc. Our Toike was far out in a way. Again, the present Toike is far out, but not so far out when compared to the present non-university community standards as reflected in the press (National Lampoon, Penthouse etc.) and movies (Animal House etc.)

It would be great if every Toike was a takeoff on something or other, but the Toike (as I recall) was tough work to put together; the present Toike certainly does not appear by "magic". The Toike is possibly unique in North America. We don't have one here, and one gets fed up with serious journalism

(the Varsity, Carleton's Charlatan, etc.) I think the University should be thankful that students having the roughest undergraduate work load on campus take time out to produce the Toike.

In summary, while the balance between crude "easy" humour and clever satire, but often difficult humour could be better, the Toike is unique and University of Toronto's Engineering Faculty should be thankful for "small miracles". However, a well placed official "kick" every few years is always worthwhile.

Yours Truly,

L.R. Morris, 6T5

# AN ESSAY: HOW TO TELL A JOIKE

Over the many years of the Toike Oike's illustrious publishing history, there have been many good jokes presented. (Of course there have been many poor jokes as well, but that consideration has no place here.) However, has it ever happened that you try telling some of these jokes and they fall flat on their punch lines?

I'm sure (well, within a 95 percent confidence interval) that it has also been the case that a perfectly hilarious incident degenerates to "Well, you should have been there!" Why is it that some people can tell a good joke while others couldn't get a laugh from their nearest relative?

Approaching these questions scientifically, like most engineering questions, we see that the quality of the joke may be ruled out in most situations. Other times, your audience may not get the joke or just not be borney enough to appreciate any humour (at the time). We at the Toike may not be able to do much in the way of publishing continually excellent jokes (because they don't get submitted) or about the people who you tell your jokes to. Your joke telling technique, however, can be improved with a few general guidelines.

There is more to telling a joke than merely reading it from your grimy tattered copy of this filthy magazine. I can remember many times having a friend break up next to me in lectures (it was my breath) on Toike distribution day. Asking him to read the humorous part to me, I would get a boring

monotonous delivery of a cleverly constructed joke. The worst part was not that the joke was not funny, but that it was a joke that I had submitted! How could he do that to MY joke??? My god, it came off like chloroform in print! He put me to sleep faster than the lecturer. Since I always laugh at my own jokes, sometimes because no one else does, the audience was no problem. Therefore, it was HIM. So for all you aspiring joke tellers, here are several ideas for your future craft.

A joke is really a very short story or micro-novel. In this way, it encompasses many of the literary elements common to all verbal and written communication forms. Each joke that you tell has a setting, character, plot, and often an atmosphere. Disguised usually, there is also a theme in most jokes, if nothing else but that we are all human and prone to error. Since most jokes are spoken, they can also be thought of as the dialogue in the context of reality. With this view you can start to see that good jokes, or rather well-delivered jokes are often produced when the person uses some of the techniques used in the theatre (in Drama).

Many people can tell the difference between a good delivery of lines and a poor delivery, but they don't realise or don't appreciate that a good delivery hinges on making the actions and dialogue believable and natural to the speaker. Since the average

joke teller has no costumes, backgrounds or other devices, he can use only his voice and small motions for illustration.

Voice control is probably the major device for successful story-telling. This simple idea unfortunately groups together many effects that are easy to spot but difficult to master. What I mean by voice control is the pregnant (oh boy!) pause, pacing of the spoken joke, characterization of the people in the joke (if the old man is angry, speak how HE is supposed to speak, or how you think he should speak).

You shouldn't have to fill the room with shouts, but do raise your voice with emphasis. Use slurred speech for the drunk, speak softly for the innocent maiden and pant vociferously for her suitor. However, don't get carried away with foreign accents. If you can't do a German accent, don't! Depend instead on his style of speaking although so the accents where you can do them.

As in literature, the climax is usually the highly awaited part of the form. Afterward, the story ties loose ends and everyone is happy. With a joke, the punchline is the climax. SO, DON'T GOOF IT UP. Needless to say, if you remember a joke except for the punchline, DON'T TELL IT.

Once the story is set, plot established, characters set, everyone awaits the final ejaculation of humour delivered smoothly and leading into a condom.

After all, we don't want little jokes running around. However you look at it, telling a joke is similar if not a surrogate for sex. (Is that why I'm such a funny guy? Hmmm) If that hasn't turned you off jokes, there is hope yet. Note that in the last few bits, humour was introduced suddenly (Yes wlesguy, that WAS humour) much like a well delivered punch-line

I'm not saying that you should run through the joke just to deliver the punchline quickly, but that humour is generated often through an element of surprise. Whenever you start a joke, realise that your victim (that's what my audiences seem to call themselves; I don't know why) doesn't know what the punch-line will be about or where it will come in, or even where it's going to come from

And still people tell jokes where you can see the line coming from miles away. Predictability is humour's greatest enemy (except for certain people in the EngCom) and both your delivery and selection of jokes should not give away the *pièce-de-resistance*, the punch-line.

Speaking of selection of jokes, remember that es with anything else, the receiver of your wit (or my half-) must have sufficient background and sophistication to understand and appreciate the joke. For example, to entertain a meeting of UTSWC or even UTWSC (check old varsity's that one) don't bring along "70 Year's of Toike"

Feel free to rehearse the joke in your mind before telling it to your audience. This doesn't have to be a long or formal procedure, just be sure you can end what you start. Try to foresee audience reaction; if there is no way they can laugh at a certain joke (in your opinion) consider not telling it. There are also many jokes that can be easily adapted, such as ethnic jokes, while others are particular to certain groups. For example, drunkenness is stereotyped to the Irish; don't change the joke to 'Armenians' on a whim.

In conclusion I'd like to say that this is not an exhaustive list, and that even I (yes me) am still learning to tell jokes BETTER from the master.

The great men of comedy such as Bob Hope, Henny Youngman, Jack Benny, and all the others are still the best teachers and the next time you listen to them, listen for the quick set-up of the setting, the almost instant setting of character and the way you can see the joke happening in your mind as they tell it. For that instant of time they make you believe, and the humour flows easily and naturally. But never be satisfied with merely dissecting their humour, and be ready to appreciate it. And one final word, remember that anyone can understand a joke, but telling it well takes a skill -- a skill that you can develop by learning from the masters and getting lots of practice.



# F! WRITE OFF

Dear Godiva's Box,

Everytime I make love to my experimental mce, they EXPLODE! What can I do?

Dr. B.G. Bang

Dear Bang,

Either wrap them in masking tape, buy bigger mce, or experiment on sheep.

Dear Box,

I saw a sign at U of T that said "Disarm Rapists".

My question is why should we cut off their arms. I mean, shouldn't it be something else, like, y'know, ...

Miss O. Gionni

Dear Godiva,

As Editor-Publisher of Ominous magazine as well as the well-known Pentolite, I find it totally objectionable that there seems to be simply much too little sex in Ominous. Now I surely realize that reporting pseudo-science and metaphysics gets boring after a while, and most of the technology cartoons get boring, so why not have articles on, say, breast evolution and how even in the last two hundred years women's breasts have become aerodynamically efficient, allowing them to walk faster, use less energy, and be more aesthetically pleasing. This would be a great way to not only show sketches of tits, but 'busts' on statues and real quivering boobs.

Then you could relate the history of the search for the perfect tit. Mention men like Marco Polo, searching for an overland route to Oriental tits; Diogenes, who searched for an honest tit; the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table seeking the holy tit; and Sir Francis Drake, who plundered the Spanish empire aboard the *Golden Tit*. How about Jason and the Argolits (not any relation to today's Sunshine Girls cheerleaders)? Will Rogers has "never met a tit [he] didn't like". Personally, I think the story should begin with a discussion of Tim Van Wart because he's the biggest tit I know.

Another article would be how tits have effected technology and engineering. Point to primitive artifacts as well as modern invention and note the similarities. For example, you should say that the tit's shape stimulated the design of the cup, brassieres, the SAC dome, wine glasses, the pendulum, the Wankel rotary engine and the lever. (Hey! Lever alone!)

The aroma and texture of the tit led to the discovery of foam rubber and 'scratch and sniff' products. Last we forgot, the tit has had a huge influence on literature. Who has not read Shakespeare's *A Midsummer's Night Tit*, or King Lear, and more recently *Raising tits in your backyard for fun and profit*, and Chilton's *Tit Owner's Manual*.

Well, with all of these ideas, you could run an all-breast issue! Not only would this boost your sales like crazy, but also ...

Sincerely,  
Boob Mouli

Strolling down Mammary Lane

Dear Godiva,

Yesterday, I went to the Med Sci cafeteria for lunch, as I do every Wednesday. A gorgeous girl sat down beside me and took my hand. On my palm she wrote her name and phone number and asked me to give her a call. Then she left.

Tell me, what should I do? Should I call her and have wild, erotic sex with her, or should I stay home and study for my exam in three weeks?

A.N. Artile

Dear Mr. Artile,

That's a very good question. It's clear that you are in a deep moral dilemma. I have consulted my *Reader's Digest* abridged version of "Freud In 20 Minutes" and I feel I have a simple answer to your question.

You must consult your extensinal, inner-most self and meditate on the concept of reality versus illusion until you have reached total self-realization and harmony amongst you, your body, and the cosmos. Once you've completely satisfied this goal, go out and fuck her, you ertele eh!!!

Dear Godiva,

There once was a man from Mantucket,

Whose cock was so long he could suck it.

He said with a grin, as he wiped of his chin,

"If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it."

ANONYMOUS

Dear Godiva,

Oh, how I passionately adore you! Day and night I spend thinking of you! YOU! and only YOU! All those erotic dreams about you are so enchanting and fun! How many times I have awoken in the midst of a creamy smooth liquid. I NEED YOU! I can't live without you! Oh! those eyes. Like ultratourescent bumper stickers glimmering in the night! Those lips! Like crushed shoe boxes flutering in the wind! Oh! Oh! OOOH Ahh Ugh Ugh! And those nipples!!! Standing erect against the sky like CN towers! I NEED YOUR BUM! I want to spread spam on your forehead and rub bacon on your shoe! Yum! Yum! I love the smell of your body! It's like a dead horse stuffed with peas! I want to shove toasters in your spleen and throw spoons at your elbow! O. Why did the shrubbery? A. Because the chair! Arr! Arr! (sideways) No! I really want to fondle your thighs and finger your nostrils with toothbrushes. Will you marry me? Please? Just for a while? I give good head and I give good shoulder! Arr! Arr! SNOT FUNNY JERK NO! AAAHH!

Bye,  
Marko

Dear Merko,  
Not tonight, I have a headache.



Dear Box,

I feel compelled by a sense of duty and propriety to complain about issue No. 4. It was thoroughly and unmitigatingly disgusting. It is sad to think that such an excellent and necessary facet of campus life has been irretrievably wasted in one fell swoop (ie. that last issue). Your last publication full of trash was unsuitable even for toilet paper, rendering the 'Green Toilet' which preceded it to classic status. Initially, I had the impression that nothing could attempt to be revolting as a green cover, but your use of the close-up of a gorilla bealing off just turned my stomach into a knotted mass.

Further, I must complain about the article on "The Electrical Properties of Infants". How gross! HOW GROSS!! The article goes on to describe the after a potential of 1.89 KV at 300 amps, further increases in potential or current leads to arcing and melting. I repeat, HOW GROSS!!! Everyone knows it is common practice to never apply more than 1.69 KV at 138 amps!

In closing, I must wonder why the Toilet must come out so often. They used to come out only once in a blue moon; but now they come out promptly every three weeks.

Signed,  
A Philosopher

P.S. Where did you get the picture of the gorilla??

Dearest Box,

We would like to extend the greatest appreciation to the University of Toronto Engineering Society for the return of Wilson Hall and its occupants to the proper location on Willcocks Street.

Unfortunately, we feel that orientation activities have gone too far in the past, especially with the nature of 'Scavenger Hunts'. We are willing to tolerate such minor criminal activities as theft under \$200.00, but the removal of a whole building and its occupants is just one step too far.

To have such a deed occur for the acquisition of points is something beyond our comprehension. If any more of this sort of activity goes on in future years, serious legal implications may result.

Mickey Mice

PS. We also feel that an accomplishment of such magnitude should be worth more than 25 points.

Dear Godiva,

I'm sorry to hear that you're dead. I didn't even know that you were sick. By the way, what is "Godiva's Box"? Is it that wooden crate that you jump out of on Godiva Week?

Yours receptacly,  
Dave Hodge

Dear Dave,

No, Dave, nobody ever gets sifers from MY box.

Dear Miss Godiva,

I'm a gypsy basketball player. My idols are Santa Claus and Pierre Trudeau. Unfortunately, women hate me. What are the four types of guys women don't like?

Fenton Orville

Dear Fenton,

1. Gypsies because they have crystal balls.
2. Santa Claus because he comes only once a year.
3. Basketball players because they dribble before they shoot.
4. Trudeus because once you get the prick in, you can't get him back out.

Dear Godiva,

Now that school is back in full swing it's great to see the Varsity gracing our hallowed halls once again. If any of the Firosh haven't caught on yet, this paper is published three times a week. It's sole useful purpose is to inform the artsies on Monday that U of T won Saturday's football game and to inform them on Friday who U of T will be beating on Saturday. Nobody has yet been able to give a purpose for the Wednesday edition.

For example: in last Monday's edition, after describing the win over Laurier, they continued with a description of how an artsie named Bernie somebody-or-other was hurled through the stands by the "Engineering Tigers" until he was dropped and hurt. In actual fact this incident took place in a section totally barren of hard hats. The tragedy occurred when some artsies, in a futile attempt to imitate the superior engineers, fucked up as usual and chose a guy to pass around. Engineers only pass females -- for two reasons: 1) girls have much better handles (wink, wink, nudge, nudge, say no more) and 2) in first year we learn that girls are far too valuable to drop. Personally, I would never louch anybody named Bernie with my ten-foot pole.

Another example of erroneous artsie reporting is given in the Wednesday September 21st (1977) issue where Carolyn Caldwell claims that while it is time for engineers and nurses to get together for special events (wink, wink, etc.) she feels that nurses are not respected. On the contrary, at each of these special events I have personally told a nurse that I would respect her in the morning. Also in this issue is a letter of protest reputedly from Joe Lstiburek when we all know that Joe is Eng. Sci. and therefore incapable of writing.

Missens Maraunders  
Pro Vosts Extraordinaire

Dear Godiva,

I'll bet you can't think of five words ending in "unt" and starting with a single letter. One of the words must refer to a woman. Let's see how smart you are!

Tricky

Dear Tricky,

Let's see, now that's a tough one ... there's punt, bunt, hunt, runt and ... um ... unt. I simply can't think of another.

Dear Godiva,

I am an Eng Sci Firosh. Why does everyone make fun of me? I can't help it if I'm slimy, and what's wrong with the front row anyhow? Professors are nice people...

Humiliated,  
Slimy Firosh

Fuck off, eat shit, and du/dx, you slimy wimp.

Dear Box,

We have the chroma plated ship captain's sun dial taken from the Varsity offices last weekend. If they want to see their sun Dial alive again, they must cease their slenderous campaign against tuberous root plants in Chile and deliver to Sanford Fleming #1 one Ken Kensington, the little wooden penguin whose legs move up and down when you pull the string. As proof that we have their sun Dial, it is now 2:56 E.D.T., (halt on hour later in Newfoundland).

Mario  
Mario's Bakery International  
Newark, N.J.



# CAMPUS COPS CLAMP DOWN

(reprinted without permission from the Varsity)

By Merlo Brokeabottle

We all remember from a long time ago the activities of a clandestine neo-fascist organization called the B.F.C. (Brute Force Committee). This group of crazed engineers used to run wild on the St. George campus. Now their pranks and mischief have all but ceased, due in large part to the efforts of campus police chief von Stackerman.

I met the chief sitting in his private library in front of such books as 'Gestapo Tactics In Peacetime', 'Terror as an Aid to Interrogation', a leatherbound edition of 'Mein Kampf' and several years of Cosmopolitan.

"Tell me chief, why did you take a job here?"

The large humanoid glowered at me through beady eyes. Suddenly his face broke into a broad grin and a bad case of acne.

"I love breaking heads," he replied as he crushed a beer can with one hand.

I felt a cold terror come over me but even so I was somewhat aroused by the sheer power this man radiated. I continued, "I understand you have made many changes since you

started here. I was wondering - perhaps you could show me around."

"Why certainly, mein herr," he picked up his uniform cap and riding crop. "If you would be so good as to follow me, I will give you a tour of the facilities."

He led me to a darkened room adjoining his office. The walls were lined with consoles, closed circuit television and various recording devices. Watching and maintaining this equipment were a host of campus Blue Shirts.

"Ziss iss our central monitoring room. Here we can monitor any part of the campus through the use of multiple close circuit cameras, sensitive microphones, heat sensors as well as several top secret devices."

"For example, this monitor indicates zat someone iss parking illegally." A technician started speaking softly into a microphone and von Stackerman continued, "A patrol car iss dispatched to bring him in for interrogation an..."

"But what if he's innocent?" I asked.

"Zen he iss released vith a minimum of physical damage. I will admit that our methods are perhaps a little extreme, but we get good results. For instance, we half

## BFC EXPANDS INTERESTS

The financial world was shocked this morning to learn that Mario's Bakery Inc. of Newark, New Jersey had completed a takeover of Exxon Inc. of New York. Analysts are unsure how on earth the size of Mario's could afford such an acquisition, but suggest that it could have something to do with the special order of danishes the bakery sent to Exxon's last directors' meeting. The kidnapping of the entire Rockefeller family (owners of Exxon) may or may not have been a contributing factor.

When the chief was asked to comment on this, he answered, "Grrrrr!"

While the deal has been approved in principle, it may be overturned in an impending

anti-trust suit in which consumer advocate Rell Nerd will protest that today's acquisition, combined with Mario's Colombian and Las Vegas holdings, would give Mario a monopoly on the nation's gas, grass, and ass.

Despite the possible implications of the suit, Mario's stock was up sharply to \$181.60 on Wall Street. Exxon stock was also up, as the takeover should help to increase Exxon's share of the exploding Sicilian market.

President Reagan, when asked what he thought about the takeover's chances, was heard to reply, "I have no part to play in this." In Canada, the deal will meet with no opposition from the FIRA (Foreign Investment Review Agency), as Imperial Oil will be

taken over by Mario's subsidiary, the U of T Engineering Society. It is rumoured that a deal between underworld figure Wayne Levin (Eng Soc godfather) and the Bronfmans of Montreal has been worked out, whereby the Eng Soc would gain control of Seagrass, Petro Canada would get Imperial Oil, and Bronfman would get Marc Lalonde.

There is also speculation that the engineers will send their biggest asset, Ella, to the Bassett Empire for Carling O'Keefe Breweries and a 25% share of Carling Bassett's tennis career. Asked why the Eng Soc would want Carling O'Keefe, Ella replied, "BURP!"

Today's takeover is the largest since the University of Toronto's A.S.S.U. took over the Pink Triangle Press.

reduced illegal parking by 90%."

"What type of interrogation methods do you use?"

He led me to another room that was tastefully done up in pastels. The walls were pink with white trim. There was a single lime green chair in the centre. Next to it was a table laden with ice picks, cattle prods, thumb screws, ice cubes, whips and so on.

"You will notice zat ze rooms half been tastefully decorated. We like to be thought of as cruel but cheerful, as opposed to cruel and impersonal."

"Very nice," I said, "but is all this necessary?"

"You dare to question me?" he thundered, and instantly I regretted my question. "Of course it iss necessary. Viss zis equipment we half all but eliminated zee cursed BFC."

"So you've finally achieved

control of the Engineering students?"

"Not quite. They are wily, those ones. They go to classes via underground tunnels and sewers. We half been unable to locate ze secret location of zat subversive newspaper, ze Toike, but we half totally suppressed performances of the LGMB (ed's note, YAY!) whose sole purpose was to foment unrest."

"Amazing," I breathed, "I'm sure our readers will be happy to know this. Thank you very much and good-bye sir."

"Hail Hail..." He reddened, "I forgot, we do not do zat here. It has been a pleasure Mr. Brokeabottle."

At this point an officer broke into the room.

"Chief! Chief!" he shouted, "The've done it again!"

We rushed outside and looked up at the Physical Plant

smokestack, which had been refashioned in the form of an erect penis complete with foreskin.

"Well chief," I said, "I guess you'll be rounding up suspects?"

But there was no point in asking. Chief von Stackerman was sitting on the grass, mumbling incoherently to himself, and playing with his big toe.

In the distance I could hear band music and a milling horde in yellow hard-hats advanced on us. In the fore, one of them held aloft a giant Stimula condom.

I quickly left.

Mario is a small rodent-like person with yellow teeth and bad breath. He contributes regularly to the Varsity, even though we'd rather he wouldn't.

		ALCOHOL	QUAALUDE	COCAINE	LSD	AMYL NITRATE	FREON
	FANTASY WHEN TAKEN ALONE	You're a great guy. You're a real funny guy. And an extremely tough guy. Tough and studly. And you're having a hell of a good time.	Your cock is about the size of an atomic cannon, and the girls know it. You don't have to tell them, have to tell them because you can't.	(You're really excited.) You've got an enormous amount to say. Everyone likes you, including the girls. You may fuck one, later on.	Everything is one. The people in the room aren't there anymore. Just yourself and your blood-engorged head. You might be damaged.	Whatever you are, it isn't living, and you might not come back. (You're an aberrant, drooling social pig, and it's fun.)	You're drooling and wheezing and hemorrhaging and blind and in the epicentre of a screaming molecular tornado. (Maybe you'll die.)
MARRI JUAN A	Everything is, like, fucking hilarious. You don't have to, like, say it or that you want to fuck someone, cause, like, everyone knows, and it, like, happens.	You are an incredibly amazing guy, and you can kick the shit out of anyone in the room, and they, like, fucking know it because it's a sensory thing, which they dig and, like, respect.	It's so fucking, like, insane that your cock is, like, so gargantuan, because which ever lady you decide to bell for, like, is going to know that the fuck was, like, predestined.	(You're repping and rapping, even though you, like, know exactly what everyone else is going to say.) But it's so incredibly funny that when it, like, happens it's, like, experiential.	You, like, know you're God, and it's such a fucking joke to, like, be God.	You're mind is, like, squashed and you're permanently damaged. (But you're laughing so hard you don't even notice, and afterwards you forget, but your friends know and, like, tell you.	You're a wheezing, hemorrhaging, blind epicentre of a tornado, and that's, like, your reality. (Just before you vomit blood through your nose.)
COUGH SYRUP	You're in a perfect state of well-being (no pain). Your cock is a numb cocktail trunk, dreamy images flash behind your eyes, like tiny marfects and black dogs licking your eheos.	You're a profound miracle of evolution and anesthesias. You'd like to beat someone up but dread the sudden noise of the punches.	(You're prostrate, your face pressed into the carpet.) You dream about women rolling you over and fucking you. It never happens. You hyperventilate instead.	(You're desperate to talk about how euphoric you are, but it's too much effort, so you have several thousand dreams about flowers with your eyes rolled back in your head.)	You're God. You're smooth and beautiful and everything is cool. Even a universe filled with quivering bee larvae is cool. You're God. The bees can't touch you.	(You're a fevered, contemptible social pig, and you love it, capable of emotion with a fibrillating heart and an EEG of zero. When death approaches, your friends just watch.)	(Total pain. Immediate death. Nothing else.)
HEROIN	Finally, you're in the ultimately perfect state of well-being. Nobody minds the snort on your upper lip—everyone appreciates where you're at.	You're a sniffling, itching herds. The girls dig your trecks and like it when you projectile vomit and cough up bilious chunks all over them.	(You're fallen through a window, lacerating half your face off, but all you can think about is fucking.)	(The snort's pouring out like a garden hose now. New energy abounds. Energy to leave the apartment for a while, maybe even score some more and die.)	You're God for a little while, then night comes and you're a hopeless blob, surrounded by terrifying squealing sounds. You're not God anymore because you're dry heaving.	Your brain swells to three times its normal size. (You beg a friend to pound a nail into your head, but you're dead before the first whack.)	(You go into an instant coma and die six months later. About the fourth month you experience a brief impression that a Rototiller is working its way along your nervous system.)
ETHER	Nothing matters. (An eyetooth lute through your armpit up and you've stepped on a steak knife. Fuck it. So what.)	You don't know who you are. You swing at someone. Your momentum carries the bridge of your nose into a radiator.	(You roll across the room to show a girl your crenk.) She winks at you. (You pull her to the floor. Her knee hits you in the teeth.) Everything is going perfectly. You're really having a good time.	(You feel a slight twinge in the back of your medulla, then collapse and lay there with your mouth open, all wrinkled and dirty.) Things couldn't be better.	Everything isn't fine anymore. You're spinning and spinning and God is eating your feet. Your friends are hovering over you with sews—deadly friends, all of them.	(You experience sensations not unlike the black plague. Epidemic bleeding, raging fever. You almost die.) Snakes arrive. (Then you die.)	(You're sick; it gets worse; you're dead just like that.)
HAL LUCINO GEN SIN COE	You want everything for yourself. You're quite the executive type. Now sit down at your desk and try to act like an administrator.	You're having a hell of a time. You're so drunk that you forget what you're here for. Students? Who the fuck are they?	Spend \$500,000 to renovate your offices. Put your feet up and smile.	Cut the library services budget by \$426,000. Hell, you're so laid back, you figure no one will care, if they even notice.	Watch engineering students smash a keypunch. Wow, what a trip. How can they do that? It's like, state-of-the-art stuff, men.	Hey, you can really get into this stuff. You want more to screw up. You try to get up but fall flat on your face. Geez, how embarrassing.	You trip down the stairs. Splatt! God, have you made a mess. Get your fucking act together and run this place like it should be.



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## SIMCOE HALL

by lorch



# INTRODUCING: THE BEER FAMILY

Beer is the generic term for all fermented malt beverages brewed from malt, hops, yeast, and water. The word 'beer' is generically used for both ale and lager, both of which are brewed from basically the same materials: malt made from selected Canadian barley, water, hops, and occasionally small proportions of other materials such as rice and corn.

But there are differences in the brewing of ale and lager which account for the distinctly different tastes of the two types of beer.

## LAGER

The name comes from the German verb *lagern*, to stock, to store. It is usually lighter in taste than ale, although of the same alcoholic strength. Less hops are used than in ale. As with ale, rice or corn is sometimes added, usually a larger proportion than in the case of ale.

Because of "bottom fermenting" yeast is used, the yeast settles to the bottom of the fermenter when the fermentation is completed. The lager itself must be drawn off, leaving the yeast in the tank -- unlike an ale fermentation, where the yeast is skimmed off the top.

Normally more hops are used in European than in Canadian lagers.

## ALE

Ale usually tastes stronger than lager because more hops are used, and in some instances a very small percentage of rice or corn. The fermentation is done with "top fermenting" yeast.

## PORTER AND STOUT

Generally, no distinction is made between these two. They are traditionally fermented as ales are, using ale yeast. In addition to the ale ingredients, varying proportions of roasted malt or barley are included, or barley and various sugars.

In Canada, alcoholic content of the stouts and porters is the same as ales and lagers; but outside Canada, particularly in the United Kingdom, alcoholic content of stouts and porters varies widely.

## BOCK BEER

Traditionally brewed during the winter for the spring market. The origins of the name "Bock" are shrouded in the mists of history. For some reason it is associated with the symbol of the goat. The usual belief is that the name comes from the famous medieval brewing town of Einbeck in Germany. It is a heavy, dark lager beer, full, rather sweet, and hoppy in character. Its dark colour is normally obtained through the use of high-coloured malts.

# CLASS ACT



# OUR BEER AROUND HERE



# T.O. DRIVER

Before you start your car in Toronto for the first time, sit in the driver's seat, hold the steering wheel, and think: I AM THE ONLY DRIVER ON THE ROAD AND MINE IS THE ONLY CAR. This may be hard to do, especially after you have seen the traffic rush hours, but tens of thousands of other drivers believe it and so can you. And you had better; you won't have a chance unless you have this faith. Remember, your car is the cer; all others are aberrations of the divine scheme.

As elsewhere there are laws about stopping, crossings, maximum speed and so forth, but in Toronto these laws exist only as tests of character and self-esteem. Stopping at a stop sign, for example, is *prime facie* evidence that the driver is an impotent cuckold; contrarily, ignoring a stop sign is proof that the driver is a Person of Consequence. That is why the person who is stopped by the policeman goes red in the face, beats his forehead with his lists, and upbraids the officer: it isn't the embarrassment or the inconvenience, it's the implication that he is not quite important enough to drive the wrong way down a one way street.

The basic rule in cities is - force your car as fast as it will go in any opening in the traffic. It is a rule that produces the famous Toronto Four Way Deadlock. It would appear that the deadlock

could be broken if any of the cars would reverse, but this is impossible because of the other car right behind and the car behind that. Anyway, if the driver did reverse, he would be an Object of Ridicule, for this would suggest a weakness of character.

The impossibility of reversing accounts for some of the difficulties in parking. You will find that when you stop beyond a vacant space and try backing in, you can't because the other car is still right behind you, hooting away. He can give up and drive on, or you can get out and go back and try to convince him to let you park. This you can do by shouting Personal Abuse into his window. One of three things will happen: (1) he may stare sullenly ahead and continue blowing his horn, (2) he may shout Personal Abuse back at you, or, (3) he may get out of his car and kill you, subsequently pleading Crime of Honour which automatically acquits him in Canadian courts.

Since Torontonians usually drive head-first into parking spaces, every third or fourth car has its tail end sticking out. Driving is further complicated by double parked cars and the Toronto style of leaving a side street by driving halfway into the near lane and then looking. The way to deal with these hazards is to blow your horn and accelerate around them. All Toronto drivers accept the axiom that anything you do while

blowing your horn is sacred. If you make a careful, in-lane stop, you not only expose your social and sexual inadequacies, but you may never get moving again since you also show yourself as a weakling whom anyone can challenge with impunity.

The thing to remember about one-way streets in Toronto is that they are not just one-way. A driver who has a block or less to go assumes that when the authorities put up the signs, they were not thinking of cases like this. He drives the wrong way, going full throttle to get it over with quickly, and to prove that he really is in a terrible hurry.

Similarly, the round-about, with its minut-like formation of movement, is to the Toronto driver just so much exhilarating open space. He does not go around it, he just goes across it at high speed (or is that high on speed), taking the shortest path from his point of entrance to his intended exit --- while sounding his horn.

In Toronto, the four lane streets become after four or five miles, two lane and one lane streets. This produces the Funnel Effect. The Funnel Effect can be unnerving; the unwary motorist can get trapped against one side or the other and have to wait there until traffic slacks off around one or two o'clock in the morning. But the Reverse Funnel Effect is even more dangerous. Imagine the effect of

bottling up a number of proud and excitable drivers in a narrow street for a half-mile or more and then suddenly popping the cork. It's like dumping out a sack of wild rats; as each car emerges, it tries to at once pass the cars in front of it, and, if possible, two or three cars more. Thus the first hundred yards of the Reverse Funnel Effect, before the cars shake down, is a maelstrom of screaming engines, spinning tires and blaring horns.

It is important to overtake while driving, as this assures acceptance in all social areas: moral, sexual, and political. Not to overtake is to lose status, dignity, and reputation. It is not where you drive that counts, but what, or whom, you pass along the way. Wordsworth phrased the intention more aptly, although unknowingly, with the words: "it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive". The procedure is to floor your accelerator and leave it there until you come upon something you can pass. If the driver sees the car ahead of him slow or stop, he knows there can be but two causes: (1) the driver ahead has died at the wheel, or (2) he has suddenly become a Person of No Consequence, which is roughly the same thing. He therefore accelerates at once and passes at full speed.

When, not if, you are involved in an automobile collision, the procedure (provided there are no

serious injuries) is rigidly structured. First, all drivers and passengers spring from their cars shouting Personal Abuse. Pedestrians spring forward as eye witnesses. Stores empty as shoppers join the crowd. Invalids rise from their beds for blocks around to totter to the scene. Don't be afraid of this crowd, even if you are absolutely in the wrong. Half of them will be on your side and will defend you vociferously, shouting and gesticulating. You must make an immediate, but accurate, estimate of those with you and those against you. Based on this count you must make your decision as to whether to reimburse the other party or whether to stand out for reimbursement yourself. Blame has nothing to do with the actions of the crashers: it is entirely a matter of status and virility. Who cares what happened? That's all over, it is the present that counts --- the battle of dignity and manhood. You are being watched by hundreds of eyes, alert to the slightest loss of poise, the first retreat from savage indignation. But you can win; as you stand there in your wilted sports shirt, comprehending little, groggy and confused, just remember and keep telling yourself: I am a Person of Consequence. I am! I am!

## APEO CODE OF ETHICS REVISED

Recent information leaked to the Toike has indicated that some members of our illustrious profession are unsatisfied with what they view as an antiquated and obsolete Code of Ethics. The following is a draft copy of proposed changes that would bring the code into line with the present political atmosphere into which the Professional Engineer is increasingly being thrust. The Toike wishes to re-iterate that this is not the present policy of the Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario. It is an independent set of recommended changes.

### THE APEO CODE OF ETHICS

#### General

1. A professional engineer owes certain duties to himself, his bank manager and his beneficiaries and shall act at all times with:
  - (a) due regard to his bank balance; and capital and non-capital assets inventory;
  - (b) fidelity to personal needs;
  - (c) devotion to the avoidance of costly and embarrassing lawsuits.

#### Duty of Professional Engineer to the Public

2. A professional engineer shall:
  - (a) regard his duty to the public welfare, occasionally;
  - (b) endeavor at all times to enhance his public image by favourable news releases; and discouraging damaging statements, even II true;
  - (c) not give opinions or make statements on professional engineering projects of public interest that are inspired or paid for by private or political interests

unless such inspiration is carefully hidden or payment is made to a numbered Swiss bank account; (d) not express publicly, or whilst he is serving as a witness before a court, commission of other tribunal, opinions on professional engineering matters that are not founded on an adequate knowledge and consideration of personal benefits;

(e) make effective provisions for safety of life and health of, primarily, himself, and secondly, any person who may be in a position to sue him; and at all times shall note and correct any situation that may endanger his personal safety, means of livelihood, or source of income;

(f) make effective provision for evading or ignoring lawful standards, rules, or regulations relating to environmental control and destruction, in connection with any work being undertaken or rubber stamped by him; and (g) sign, seal, or rubber stamp only those plans, specifications and reports actually copied by him or for which he is well paid.

#### Duty of the Professional Engineer to his Employer

3. A professional Engineer shall:
  - (a) act in professional engineering matters for each employer in a professional manner and shall acquaint himself with any confidential information available to him as to business affairs, technical methods or processes of each employer which may prove useful to him and avoid disclosure of this information or any conflict of interest unless paid adequately;
  - (b) present clearly to his employers the consequences to be

Many invertebrate beer drinkers blissfully go through life enjoying their favourite beer, unaware of the variety of fact and fancy pertaining to the "golden nectar of the gods". The following points of information should enrich the knowledge or enhance the

expected from any deviation proposed in the work if his professional engineering judgement is overruled by arties, other morons, or demi-morons in cases where he is responsible for technical brilliance of professional engineering work, or liable to be sued as a result of such interference;

(c) have no interest, direct or indirect in any materials, supplies or equipment used by his employer or in any person or firms receiving contracts from his employer unless he cuts in his employer for at least 10% of any anticipated profit;

(d) not tender on competitive work upon which he may be acting as a professional engineer unless he bribes his employer first;

(e) not accept compensation, financial or otherwise, for a particular service, from more than one person except when they are likely to find out.

#### Duty of Professional Engineer to Himself

4. A professional Engineer shall:
  - (a) maintain the honour and integrity of his profession; and without fear or favour expose before the proper tribunals unprofessional or dishonest conduct by any other member of the profession who won't pay for the secrecy of such information; and
  - (b) undertake only such work as promises to support him in financial circumstances to which he could rapidly become accustomed.

drinking pleasures of beer drinkers everywhere.

There is a right way to pour beer. Some people pour down the side of the glass. They say that it keeps the head down. But brewers, experienced bartenders, and other experts on the subject agree that a beer head is highly desirable. A good head imprisons the carbonation and retains the vitality of the beer while it is in the glass; it gives a cleaner taste, a smoother, more drinkable beer.

The following pouring method is correct: Hold the glass upright on the table and allow the beer to splash down the center of the glass. If the head is building up too rapidly, decrease the flow and let it slide down the side of the glass. If the head is not growing fast enough, turn the bottle perpendicularly and allow the remainder to plopp down and froth around.

Beer glasses should only be used for beer. Do not serve beer in glasses that have been used for serving milk, tea, coffee, soda, or any other liquid. In all probability they will contain residues of fat on the inside, which will drastically cut down on the beer head.

Always serve beer in a wet glass. If the glass is dry, it has probably picked up dust or other foreign matter not discernable to the eye. Also, the beer head in a dry glass tends to evaporate more quickly than one in a wet, frictionless glass. Rinse the glass in pure, cold water and shake out the excess before pouring the beer.

Do not wash a beer glass with soap. The fat from soap leaves invisible traces on the glass, no matter how much it is cleaned and rinsed. This will cut down on the beer head.

Never dry a beer glass. No matter how carefully and thoroughly drying is done, lint and other foreign particles will adhere to the inside of the glass. Instead of drying the glass, rinse it in cold water, turn it upside down, and let the water drain out.

Cool it. Beer is a perishable natural food and flavour is best the day it is bottled. All beer should be stored in dark, cool areas, preferably in your refrigerator. Refrigerator temperatures, which are between five and ten degrees C are ideal for savouring full beer flavours. After two to three months, brewers recall there product from retail outlets so be sure to finish yours quickly.

## ROUTE CHANGE

Many complaints have come in during the past few months as to the complexity of our bus system. Ever sensitive to your needs, we have changed a few of our routes in an attempt to alleviate this problem. All route changes will take effect some time on Sunday afternoon. We're not sure just when.

Routes: 60, 53, 25, 85, 34B, 102, 12, 503, 501, 81, 15, 37.

In the future, these 12 routes will be eliminated and a single route known as "Perimeter 125.58A" will take their place. The bus will start at the corner of Yonge and Steeles and run east on Steeles and then south to Sheppard. East on Sheppard to Morningside. Down Morningside to Kingston road where it will head over to the Queensway and then to Islington. North on Islington to Steeles and then back to Yonge. The bus will run the route clockwise on even numbered days and counter-clockwise on the rest.



## T.A.'s To Get English Tests

The University of Toronto Chamber Council today announced that English Language Facility Tests will be mandatory for all Teaching Assistants (TA's) by the '80-'81 year. The Council Chairman, Professor P. Moriarty was quoted as saying, "We have been under a lot of pressure from the students to have English tests for the TA's, and the implementation of this new policy will coincide with the introduction of English Facility Tests for the Faculty of Arts and Science." The ruling will become final when Council meets Monday for a final vote, but it has been reported that the preliminary vote taken last Friday was 9 to 1, in favor of the proposal.

The concept of English Facility Tests began three years ago when compulsory English tests for Engineering Freshmen began. Since then, the students in the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering have become increasingly well-spoken. Naturally, now that anyone speaking to an Engineer is required to speak only the Queen's best English, all the other faculties in the University have been clamouring to have their language standards raised.

Experience has indicated that the average TA is already oblivious to anything that their students have to say, and plans for the new program are hastily taking shape. It is not known what the reactions of the TA's will be, because so far, not a single soul has been able to communicate with them.

# FELLOW ENGINEERING STUDENTS

Few students at Skule™ realize that they have among them the greatest literary mind since Shakespeare. Yes, here I am. Perhaps years from now graduates of the class of 875 will be able to say proudly-- "I once shared the same Applied Mechanics class with him, that genius of prose-- that legend in his own time." and other such statements that will have grown men on their knees begging for those graduates autographs, not to mention the hordes of buxom virgins actually assaulting them at every opportunity. There is no question. My comrades in 875 are very lucky indeed that I have chosen the U of T for my schooling, and selected them to be the recipients of my magnanimous friendship and mental prowess.

As I am basically a humble and modest person, I would not know how to cope with the mobs of fanatics that would seek and pursue me in hopes of a glimpse of my Apollonian body or better still, in hopes of hearing words of wisdom from my lips that would rain on their ears like flowers from heaven. For this reason, and because I believe it would be culturally upsetting to give the world's major religions serious competition, I am going to keep my identity concealed.

Samples of my literary magnificence may appear in the future under my chosen pen name C. A. Bic.

It has been my decision though, that I have a moral responsibility

towards this world I live in to communicate my powerful insight and crystal understanding to those humans most worthy.

This is why I feel obligated to bestow upon the *Tolke Oike* (a publication that, although devoted exclusively to humour, displays only the most sophisticated standards and a keen sense of fine literary quality) the honour of providing a vehicle for a work of a writer of such inexplicably incredible talent and imminent world-wide renown.

It is with some reservation that I give up to you this first representative piece of poetry. Attention Reader: Contained within the few words that follow is an intellectual perceptivity that could be far too powerful for the average mind to grasp. Failure to safely prepare yourself for the onslaught of mental prowess displayed here may result in dangerously suicidal tendencies due to the realization of your own vastly inadequate intellect, rather than the desired effect -- a boosting of your mind onto a heightened intellectual plane.

I regret that I cannot be held responsible for loss of life or brain damage that may occur as an indirect or direct result of reading my work. Those worthy will be enlightened and ever after in my debt -- gathering in violent throngs to pay my TTC fare, grovelling to offer their very palms outspread when I have no Kleenex to blow into, etc.

Perhaps some background should

be supplied as a preliminary. Picture pouring rain -- downtown Toronto -- rush hour. The rain is a surprise ending to a sunny afternoon. The streetcar is slow to arrive at the stop in the thick traffic, and a crowd of would-be TTC passengers are becoming angrier and wetter as they wait. Finally, the streetcar arrives and opens its doors. I am at the head of the irritated, soggy throng (as I should be) as I climb the rubber steps, pay my fare, then stop -- stop cold, gripping the metal bars on either side. There is a crowd of screaming, pushing insect-brains assaulting my back in an effort to board, but their physical comfort is sub-ordinate to my revelation. It was a flash of insight that stopped me dead in my tracks like that, and I steered my arms to block all movement from behind in an effort to concentrate on that one fleeting abstraction. The resulting masterpiece I have graciously provided here before you entitled "Alabaster 1", in memory of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

## Alabaster One

Magnetic snails fail to infinity  
Festooning the lawn mowers  
paraboloid blades  
Can McFinn find his beans  
To end all liturgy  
Heaven  
Optician  
Facelious goggles spin spin spin  
On smelling salts do I  
Finger

In nose  
Bingo bingo bingo bingo  
Interior infinities of  
Space, dark space  
Time on rows, rows of teeth  
filled with cavities  
Cavities  
Body Odour  
Dancing dancing dancing  
Naked in Canadian Tire  
Becoming one -- one  
With mayonaisse, frothing  
spewing  
The future is  
Distant  
Oblique  
Smelly  
I drown  
Bubble...bubble...bubble...In  
Serg's blood  
As a violin swoons:  
Yabba...  
Dabba...  
Doo...  
Frankl Thou art ruler of all  
Once great as Ozymandias  
Stone rock granite decay  
In Xanadu, old Kubla Khan  
A stately Half Lune Moon decree  
Ukranian dwarves masterbate  
merrily  
Vomit  
Vomit  
Vomit all time space black white  
continuum  
Cycle as  
Magnetic snails fail to infinity...  
--C. A. Bic

## POINT COUNTERPOINT

She- You men have it easy. I mean, take any trivial subject you wish and the men of the world have it all over the women.

He- Oh we do, do we? Let's talk specifics. Name one thing that's easier for men in this world.

She- Well, for instance, you don't have to squat to pee. You can hang one against a wall or a tree and go on your merry way.

He- Yes, but when you're in a can, you don't have to aim for a 12" hole firing from the hip.

She- Still, you don't need toilet paper for the operation.

He- You don't have to lift the toilet seat either.

She- We have to put it down, or else. Have you ever gone to the can drunk or in the dark, sat down, and wound up with your knees around your ears and your ass in 3" of water? It's no picnic, I can tell you.

He- No picnic? What about the wild and unpredictable mood changes we have to put up with when you girls are on the rag?

She- But you don't have to put up with the asinine, no-minded male-generated commercials for strawberry flavoured disposable douche, etc., etc.

He- We watch T.V. too. And I thought you'd like to be informed of the newest developments in the science of menstruation.

She- Have you ever smelled deodorant tampons? Once you recognize the smell you'll know which girls to stay away from at a distance of 40 feet.

He- Still, let's face it. Take the average girl, drop her drawers, and it's no spring day in Ireland at the best of times.

She- Likewise, I'm sure.

He- Even so, when you're sexually aroused it's not broadcast as blatantly as a pipe wrench in a pair of jockey shorts.

She- Certainly erect nipples draw as much attention, if not more.

He- But no sticky goosy mass comes out of you.

She- It does eventually if we stand up after.

He- Yeh, but you don't have to stand up. All you have to do is lie there and get serviced.

She- Serviced? Half the chore is teaching those Frosh what a clitoris is, where to find it, and what to do with it. Not to mention the finer points of making love.

He- Like cuddling afterwards? I'd rather sleep.

She- You don't fall asleep and stick to the bedsheets.

He- But girls get the ultimate say about whether sex happens or not.

She- When and if a decent piece of meat comes along (like Paul Menary). I'm sure most girls would never say no.

He- Yes, but Mr. Right is fiction, so what happens is we have to liquor you up, and then we find that we ourselves are snookered and half-mast is the best we can do.

She- And that's not good enough.

He- But what really pisses me off, is holding your arm on the back of a theatre seat for two hours just to feel an elbow or a bra strap.

She- You don't have to sit with your neck constricted at an acute angle while this idiot fondles your elbow with his sweaty hands.

He- You don't have to pay for it.

She- We do if we want to go where we really want.

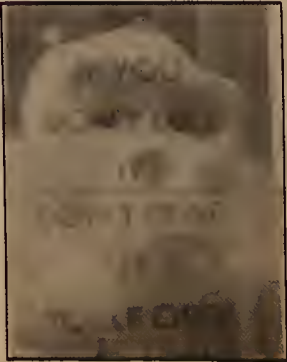
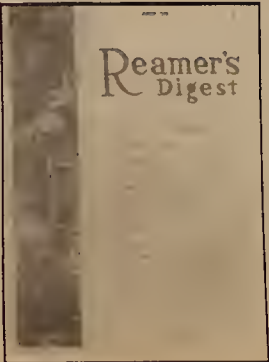
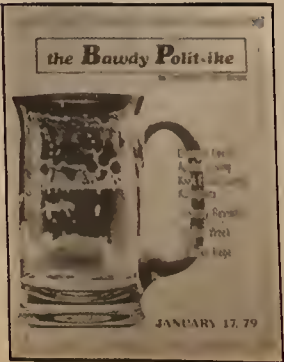
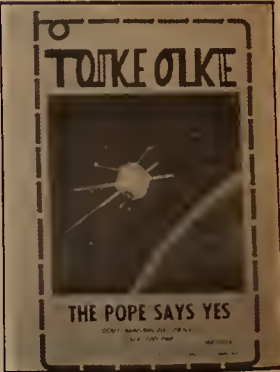
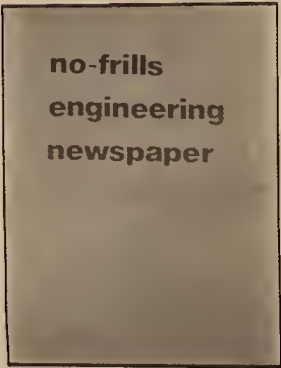
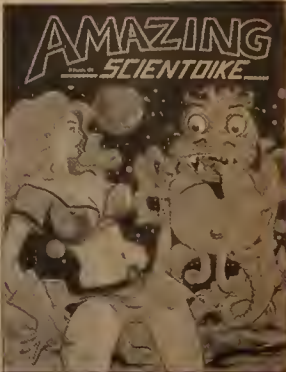
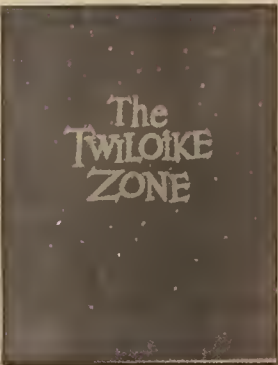
He- But when do you ever ask a guy to go anywhere? Or for that matter, if he wants to have sex.

She- Usually when we get so tired of waiting for you to ask.

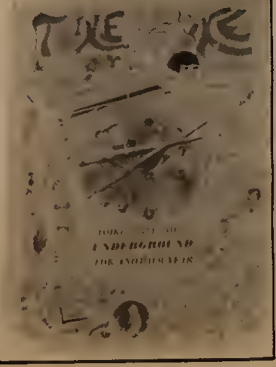
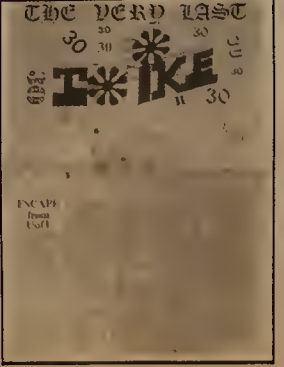
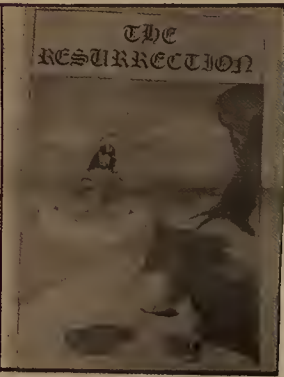
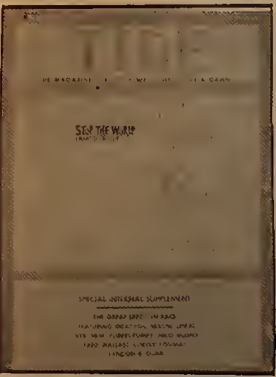
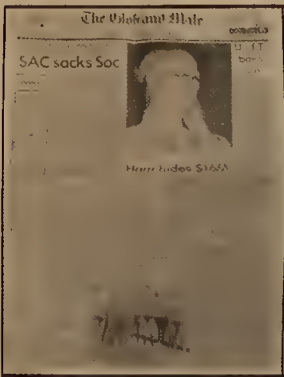
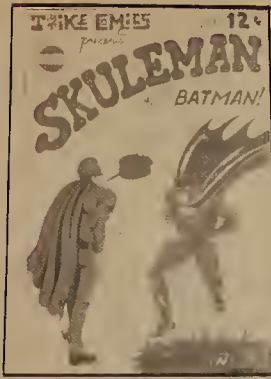
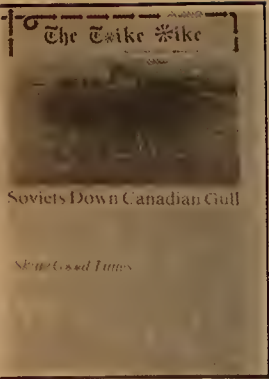
He- Sure, but you always get the best sleeping position.

She- Yes, that's true.











# GETTING INTO WOMEN'S LIB.



THE IDEAL WOMAN, 1987

Ladies, I am unjustly condemned! Really, I feel I must drive the point home to you. I have never advocated the phallus as a way of life. Never have I, with knowledge alorethought, a Women's Liberatorist. It's only later that I've noticed my mistake, as the doctor examined my

And as for being treated It's a misunderstanding...

Actually, It's a reaction, the inevitable result of gross Whenever I see a down the street, I can't help wondering whether (a) (b) (c) Does your talk to your or are when he's around? (Funny thing about guys -- they'll in places you can't even

You see, girls, how difficult it is to be a about something ever since you first And your mother told you to shut-up

In fact, in a recent poll

conducted by Eros Fellatio of Trinity, a Greek exchange student currently studying Pornography II, the results showed that 30% of the freshman class and 98% of the upper-classmen favoured In connection with this, the Trinity Men's Club will be theirs this Friday at 7:00 p.m.

Without a doubt, the biggest myth in the entire Women's Lib. Movement is

Of course, there are certain situations in which I would like to remain but it is natural -- nay, traditional that I should do so. There are even times when it's absolutely necessary --

But it's okay, you'll be glad to know that it doesn't count if it happens Yeah, it's called an "oops". You know, you really didn't mean it. But if you do it that's premeditated and then you

We males are ever ready to and any little

Of course, I understand how girls with

a good, upstanding, male, Like how do you know what kind of a guy

he is really? For you uninitiated, there are three basic types of North American male animal, none of which are and only one of which is vaguely The first category comprises those, who when they see a girl walking down the street, think to themselves, "That's a girl

Straightforward, honest -- definitely marriage material On the other hand, the second species, when found in a similar situation, thinks, "What a chick! Would I ever like to A little a bit -- definitely oriented, though somewhat inexperienced, his hands usually get so sweaty that he can't

Lastly, there's the semi- who, when he's with his huddles, will moan a bit and sigh, saying, "would I ever like to When alone he merely his and rolls his Wherever he is, he can usually be identified by a perpetual (There is a fourth type, with whom we won't concern ourselves, who walks up to pretty chicks and asks, "Hey, chick, you wanna Rare, but nowhere near extinction, his invariably impresses, and sometimes persuades, I remember one night... but that's another story.)

One last word to you

"Dirty" if you feel strongly about the movement, then do something constructive. Most Women's Liberatorists have a couple of good points, and we males are always ready to help

In the course of human relations, it should be true that Women's Liberatorists are not but Don't

Fulfill your friendly neighbourhood Engineer. Although frequently taking matters into his own hands, he will cheerfully make time for you. I daresay he'll his

You'll find him at first, after a few sessions you'll really begin to believe in what he is doing. After a few consultations, your will vanish. The gained is Get yours today!

I feel certain that open confrontations such as these will soon of Women's Liberation Movement. It's too because some of the newest may pleasantly surprise you. They're pretty good. (In fact, I hear they're VERY good...)

## OVERLORD OVERLORD OVERLORD

You ask who is Overlord. Well... as any Frosh should know, he is the all-seeing, all-knowing master of SF1012. Rumour has it that He was once spotted out of sight of a computer terminal, but this cannot be substantiated.

Unfortunately, Overlord is terminally ill. That's right -- he has contracted a highly infectious new strain of congenital undefined variable disease called VD-1. The doctors say he is a goner unless they perform a "logof" amputation in order to prevent the disease from spreading. Looking on the bright side, they say that even though he will lose a part of his operating system, he will gain sunich compatibility.

On how he contracted this malady, Overlord revealed that the culprit was a certain DB-69 female interface connector. It seems that he found out too late that he was connected not to the communications port, but to the joystick port. Consequently, he was sent so many sensual passwords that he totally forgot to enter a security shell before logging in.

Overlord, undesanted, maintains that much good will come from his coltus. He is positive that the engineers will have delivered to them within the next nine months a brand new baby Vax.

MORAL OF THE STORY: A little Vax doesn't hurt anybody.

## PUB 428Y ADVANCED FLUID DYNAMICS

This caps off the fine points of pub crawling. Requirements are proof of age (not necessarily your own), knee pads, an experience at crawling on one's hands and knees (see NSI 124Y Kissing Ass for Those Final Marks). Tutorials are held in the Sanford Fleming caf.

## Geographical Estimate of Women

From 14 to 18 She is like Africa - partly virgin and partly explored.

From 18 to 24 She is like Australia - highly developed in the built-up areas

From 24 to 30 She is like America - highly technical and always seeking new methods.

From 30 to 40 She is like Asia - sultry, hot and mysterious.

From 40 to 50 She is like Europe - somewhat devastated but still interesting in places.

From 50 to 65 She is like Antarctica - everybody knows where it is but nobody wants to go there.

A dentist met another the other day and the following conversation ensued.

"Where did you get the new bike?"

"Well, I was walking through the woods the other day and a girl came up to riding this bike.

She got off, ripped off all her clothes and told me I could have anything I wanted; so I took the bike."

To which the other dentist replied, "That was a smart move. The clothes wouldn't have fit you anyway."

## An Article

My name is J.C. I was requested to write an article for the T'ike 'ike, and so here it is.... The, "The" is a definite article. "A" is an indefinite article. And that is how I feel about THIS article. But, nevertheless, I have an interesting topic to discuss.

The topic I want to discuss is one of voluptuous, buxom girls with blonde hair and blue eyes.

Now... can you spot the articles in the above sentence? Yes! "THE"! There is only one article. The rest of the sentence is irrelevant, but it certainly catches your attention. For this reason, one may be drawn towards the word "buzom" or "Voluptuous" as the articles... although it is possible to write an article on any of these sexy topics!

But this article is on articles and so I intend to speak on this subject.

Could you spot the articles in the above sentence? Yes! There are two of them: "article" and "articles"! Now if you love voluptuous, gorgeous, buxom, long-legged girls, then you are a normal person (if you are male).

However, when one speaks of girls one thinks immediately of articles.

What is the connection between girls and articles? Well, this article. It's about Girls I LOVE 'em. I want MORE! Help! I need 'em!...

## A Gnu Meal

On Tuesday night I read that they'd be serving up spaghetti.

My knees began to tremble and I felt my palms grow sweaty.

I heard my stomach gurgle as the juices started flowing.

And I knew that somewhere deep inside a great revolt was growing.

Oh, woe! I thought, is this my fate? They'll find me face down on my plate

Of squirming, sticky pasta strands I curse the wretched SAGA hand that wrote the word "Spaghetti"

I bravely took my tray and squeezed my way up to the server. I pleaded that there must be something else. Just some hors d'oeuvres or...!!

She rudely cut me off and said, "Which sauce with the spaghetti?" And as she spoke, she cruelly smiled and held the ladle ready.

My face went green, she saw me sway. I puked into a serving tray. She grabbed some chalk while others roared

And wrote up on the menu board "...and Turkey Pot Pie".

## GC Evicts SAC

Simcoe Hall, in a startling move this week, the University of Toronto Governing Council decided to evict the Students' Administrative Council (SAC) from the spaces previously allocated to them. "They (SAC) made inefficient use of time, space and money," stated one Governing Council Representative, citing as an example a mid-summer decision by SAC to waste \$3,000.00 on the production of six one-to-three minute SAC propaganda films. An appeal has already been launched, but Governing Council has stated emphatically that it will not back down.

Plans are already in the works to convert the SAC building into an observatory. The Engineering Society is preparing a bid for the painting and renovation of the structures.

Our Mistake

Due to an unfortunate error, the Hebrew-language joke in the last issue of T'ike was incorrectly printed. The joke should have read as follows:

Jan: Wet is het verschil tussen een corvet en een meisje met bruin haar?

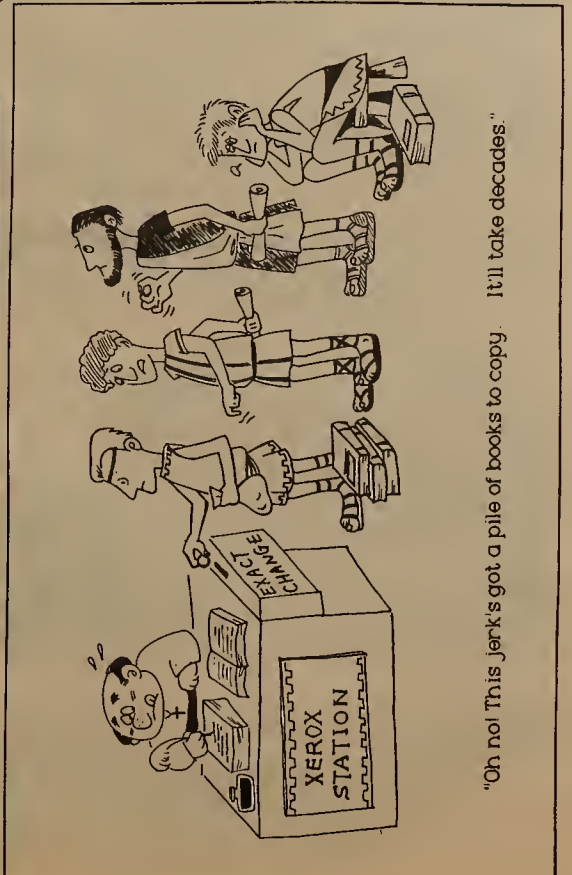
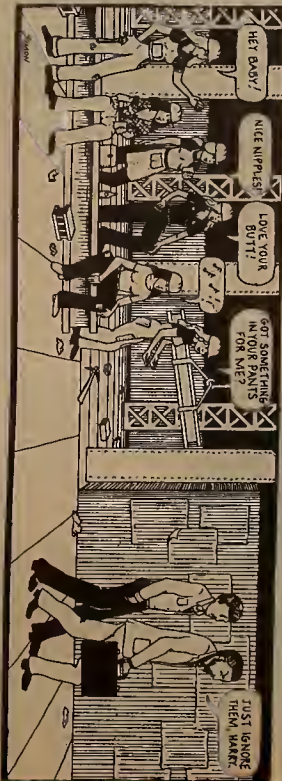
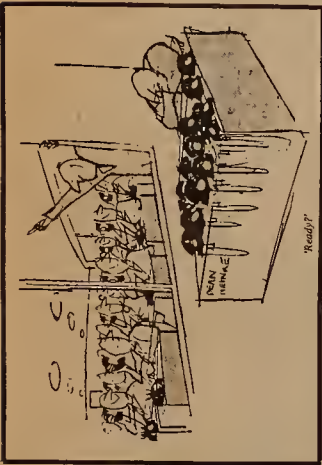
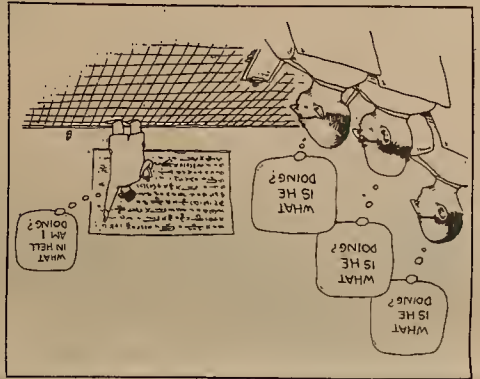
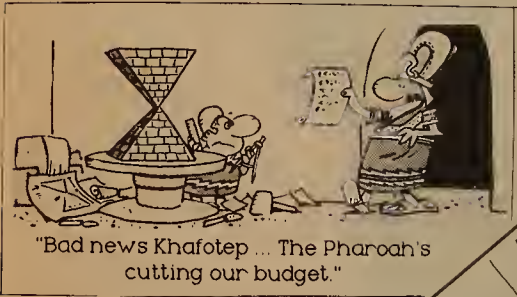
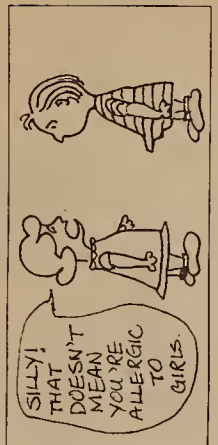
Frans: Geen idee. Ik ben nooit in een corvet geweest.

We apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused.

## CIV 100F-50F MISAPPLIED MECHANICS

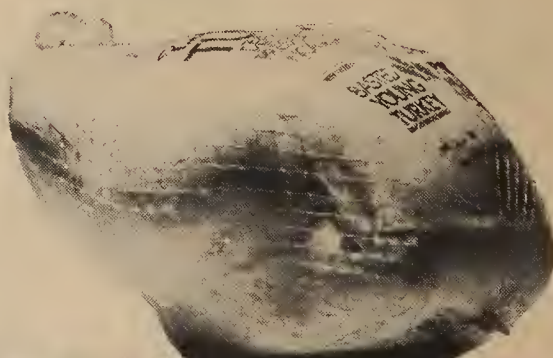
The statics portion of the course closely examines the forces acting on couples in equilibrium. Familiarity with the right hand screw is helpful. The study of dynamics includes the investigation of friction between moving parts (lubrication optional), with emphasis on systems in which one or more parts are accelerating. Ridged bodies are studied during nontime sessions in the Med Sci cafeteria. Throughout statics and dynamics, the free body concept is emphasized. Tutorials are held at St. Hilda's (i.e. the best little chicken house in Uoft)







*What's turkey without the trimmings?*



TREAT YOUR GUESTS TO THE PREMIUM TASTE OF ICE COLD AMSTEL OR AMSTEL LIGHT.  
BOTH IN CANS OR BOTTLES, AT REGULAR BEER PRICES.



# JOIKES

"Why do you lower your eyes when I say that I love you?" the Mech asked the voluptuous linguistics student.

"To see if it's true," she replied.

Bill and Emil were two friends who shared an apartment together in Toronto. One day, Bill came home to find Emil weeping into his hands. "I'm so unlucky! So unlucky!" he moaned.

"You're always saying that, and it isn't so," Bill said.

"It is! It is!" Emil said. "I'm the most unlucky guy that you know!"

"What happened now?"

"Well, I met this beautiful woman on Huron St. We got to talking and we stopped off at the Brunswick for a few drinks. Wow! We really got mellow. When she suggested that we go to her place I thought that my luck had changed."

"It sounds like it did," Bill said.

"Minutes after we entered her apartment I was in bed with her. I was just starting to climax when we heard the door bang open."

"It's my boyfriend!" she said. "I didn't even have time to grab a towel. I bounded to the window and had just managed to climb out, hanging on the ledge by my hands, when he barged in."

"He sized up the scene immediately, and then he saw my hands hanging on for dear life. He came to the window and started pounding my knuckles with a hammer. Then he took out his cock and pissed all over me. Then he slammed the window down on my bloody fingers."

Then, as if I didn't have trouble enough, two old ladies on the street saw me hanging there stark naked, and they started screaming for the police. The nice came and I was arrested. Now do you see what I mean when I say that I'm unlucky?"

"Nonsense," Bill said. "You're upset. But an experience like that could happen to anyone."

"You don't understand," Emil said. "When they came to arrest me, I looked down and my feet were only four inches off the ground."

Life is like a bowl of grenola...what aren't fruits and nuts are flakes.

How many artsies does it take to stop a forty ton Mack truck?  
Never enough.

Did you hear about the illiterate callgirl who ended up working in a warehouse.

An artsman knew he had it made when the old brass bottle he found in the back yard turned out to have a genie in it. Any three wishes he had would be granted, the genie informed him.

"I wanna be rich!" squealed the artsie. The backyard filled up with chests of gold coins and jewels in the blinking of an eye.

"I'm no fool," said the artsie. "I wanna be an Engineer! And there he stood, hard-hatted and proud."

"Thirdly, I never want to work another day in my life."

Suddenly, he was an artsman again.

## ONLY THE FEMS DIE YOUNG

Come on, give us a break  
You feminist girls have made a mistake

Read our paper; stop the debate  
The *Toike* is the only one.

They showed you a sonnet and a Shakespearean play  
Taught you to write, gave you a B.A.

But they never told you the price that you pay  
For never having fun.  
Only the Fems die young.

You might have heard that I run with a rowdy crowd.  
Engineers are pretty, but not too proud.

We may be laughing a bit too loud.

But that never hurt no one  
Come on Virginia, try to lighten up;

The *Toike* is funny, don't you see?

Not dangerous, as you claim it to be.

The *Toike* is the only one.  
And only the Fems die young.

You got a nice white dress and a party at initiation.

You got a brand new drone and a room of your own.  
But Virginia let me give you a bit of information.

It's not an attack --  
Burst your bubble and laugh.

Or go set up your table, get your mandale.

You say it's sexist but I say it ain't.

I'd rather laugh with Engineers than cry with the saints.

Engineers are much more fun...  
And only the Fems die young.

You know, only the Fems die young.

Two pharmacists were sleeping in a field, but it got so cold that one of them got up and closed the gate.

John was in the bathroom when he heard the noises. Someone was breathing heavily. Almost as if they were in pain. John walked into the bedroom, peered in and found his wife sprawled on the bed, exhausted. He realized what she had been doing and smiled. His wife was leaving on a business trip the next day and this would be their last night together.

John stepped to the side of the bed. "You need any help?"

"If you think you've got the strength," she replied, challengingly.

John smiled confidently and began pushing with all his strength. The bed shook rhythmically as he pushed again and again but his wife just lay there silently. John was quickly becoming impatient. It was the last straw when she began to giggle.

"What's so funny?" he cried, hotly.

"So much for strength!" she laughed.

"Why don't you help instead of just laughing?" John demanded.

Soon they were both pushing together. The air was filled with grunts and heavy breathing. The bed springs began to creak.

"Oh God, John, the neighbours will hear!" the wife panted.

"Don't worry, we're almost there!" exclaimed John.

Finally they managed to close the bulging suitcase.

## MIDNIGHT

Oh... come...  
Leave me alone...  
It won't take long...  
I won't be able to sleep afterwards...  
I can't sleep now!  
Why do you think of it in the middle of the night?  
Because I'm hot...  
You get hot at the damdest times...  
If you loved me you wouldn't have to be begged...  
If you loved me you would be more considerate...  
You don't love me...  
O.K. O.K. I'll do it!  
What's the matter?  
I can't find it!  
Feel around...  
There! Satisfied?  
No, a little more please...  
O.K.?  
Yes, thank you.  
Now get to sleep.  
And the next time you want the window up, do it yourself.

An Erlinde stud suspected his girlfriend of infidelity and began to follow her movements. Sure enough, his suspicions were justified. Arriving at her apartment, he burst into the bedroom, catching his girlfriend and her Firosh Engineer lover in the act. Crazed with grief, he put the pistol to his own head.

"Don't laugh!" he shouted when his girlfriend burst out in giggles. "You're next."

Engineer...I had a dream about you last night.

Voluptuous psych major...Did you?

Engineer...No, you wouldn't let me.

Artsies make the best astronauts -- they took up space in school.

Artsie mothers are strong and broad-shouldered from raising dumbbells.

How about the artsie who studied for five days to take a urine test.

It takes five Artsies to make popcorn -- one to hold the kettle and four to shake the stove.

How about the artsie who lost his elevator job because he couldn't learn the route.

The Artsie who didn't believe in flying saucers until he goosed the waitress

Then there was the female Artsie who thought that Moby Dick was a venereal disease.

If nature abhors a vacuum then why don't Artsies head's cave in.

Did you hear the one about the Artsie who was arrested for indecent exposure and then released for insufficient evidence?

An inebriated engineer was brought before the local judge. "You are charged with habitual drunkenness," the magistrate said solemnly. "Have you anything to offer in your defense?"

Came the reply, "Habitual thirst."

One day at school, Johnny wrote on the blackboard "John Sullivan has the biggest tool in the school." When his teacher came in she was shocked and told Johnny to stay after school. After school, Johnny stayed back and finally, by 5:00, the teacher let him go home. Now, all the kids wanted to find out what happened, so they hung around until he came out and urged him to tell them what the teacher had done. Johnny refused at first, but after much coaxing he said, "I won't tell you what she did, but I'll tell you this. It pays to advertise."

A seventy year-old man met a fellow geriatric on the street one day and asked him what he had been doing lately. The friend said that he'd just spent six months in jail, after being convicted of rape. "Rape!" shouted the first man. "At your age? That's the most ridiculous thing that I've ever heard of!"

"I know," replied the other, "but I was so flattered, I pleaded guilty."

The morning after the Christmas party the husband woke up with an agonizing hangover. "I feel terrible," he complained.

"You should," said his wife. "You really made a fool of yourself last night. You got into a quarrel with your boss and he fired you."

"Well he can go to hell!"

"That's exactly what you told him."

"I did?" he said incredulously. "Then screw the old goat!"

"That's just what I did," his wife replied. "You go back to work Monday."

Having listened to the appeal of the elderly streetwalker, the newly elected magistrate was reluctant to sentence her. He ordered a short recess, then went to the chambers of an older judge and asked, "What would you give a sixty year old prostitute?"

The learned judge thought for a moment and replied, "Oh, no more than a buck and a half."

FemEng (female Engineer) to boyfriend driving along a country road... "Oh for heaven's sake Grant...use both hands!"

Grant... "I'd like to do that darling but I can't. I have to use one to drive the car."

Superman was flying over Metropolis one sunny day when he spotted Wonder Woman lying naked, spread eagle on the balcony of her penthouse suite. Having found Lois Lane unable to satisfy his super lust, he decided that this was his big chance. Developing a hard-on fester than a speeding bullet and more powerful than a locomotive, he went into a power dive. Without slowing, our superhero thrust into the unsuspecting Wonder Woman. Was she surprised? Not half as much as the Invisible Man.

Man 1: Did you hear the one about the artsie who got a job?

Man 2: No.

Man 1: Me neither!

An engineer and his voluptuous Anthro major date were sitting in the Warwick. "If I have another drink," said the engineer, "I'll begin to feel it."

"If I have another drink," replied the Anthro major I won't care who feels it.

Nurse...I think that the Engineer is regaining consciousness doctor. He just tried to blow the froth off of his medicine.

Nurse...I'll just take down your particulars

Artisie...Well, at least put a screen around the bed first.

## THE EDITOR (to the tune of "The Gambler")

Alone in the common room,  
On a day never ending  
I met with the Editor,  
We were both tired to sleep.

So we took turns a' starin',  
At the paper, all its bleakness.  
The nausea overtook us,  
And he began to speak.

He said son, I'm tired of reading,  
All this garbage, its disgusting.  
We need just a little sunshine,  
To light our daily lives

So if you don't mind my saying,  
Your homework's to depressing.  
For a little beer and pizza,  
I'll tell you about my plan.

So I handed him a bottle  
And he took in one swallow.  
And then he had another,  
And one more twice again.

And then he was so plastered,  
That he started making parodies,  
And that is how this room became

The birthplace of the *Toike*.

You've got to laugh when you're reading.

Laugh when you're eating,  
Laugh when you're passing,  
And laugh when you fail.  
You never count on T.A.'s  
To get you out of trouble;  
Just do a little studying,  
Then relax your mind.

Every student knows,  
That the secret to surviving,  
Is knowing what to attend,  
And knowing what to skip.

'Cause fun's always a winner,  
And the *Varsity's* a loser,  
And the best that you can hope for,  
Is to beat sixty percent.

And when he finished speaking,  
He turned back to the paper,  
Wrote down lots of humor,  
And sent it to the EngCom.

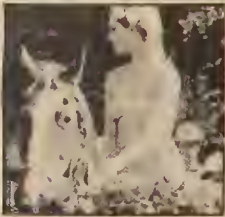
And somewhere in o' Drill Hall,  
The Editor was laughin',  
'Cause in his final work I found  
A rag that I could read.

You've got to laugh when you're reading,  
Laugh when you're eating,  
Laugh when you're passing,  
And laugh when you fail.  
You never count on T.A.'s  
To get you out of trouble;  
Just do a little studying,  
Then relax your mind.



THE RECORD

The Lady Godammit Memorial Band has reproduced (a record)!! Featuring such memorial pieces as the Second Brandonberg Concerto, The First Suite for Military Band in and around E flat, and the Black and Blue and White. The record has been termed a masterpiece by such people as Jan Acker - music editor for Road and Track magazine. The record is on sale now for a mere three dollars in the Engineering Stores. It comes complete with a money-back guarantee, promising that nowhere absolutely nowhere on the record does the band play Colonel Bogey or the Great Escape!



LGMB

FINDS A PARADE

It all started on a dull and rainy day which was designated by CFL officials as Grey Cup Day. At 9:30 A.M. the Lady Godiva Memorial Band was carefully concealed behind the Westbury Hotel waiting for an opening to crash the parade. Suddenly a band member saw two men in white riot helmets coming towards us. We quickly dispersed and I was left to talk to an OPP officer and a parade marshal (his name was Dillon). They explained to me that they were looking for the LGMB because the parade officials wanted us to be in the parade (EH?).

When we joined the parade, the rain stopped, the sun shone, cars stopped polluting and the crowd cheered. (But the horses still shot all over the road.) We played concert in front of the reviewing stand by City Hall upon which stood Bill Denny's son, John Rubbers, and JEANDRAPPO.

At 8:30 P.M. a tired band played a concert from the

mezzanine of the Royal York to a packed house amid shouts of, "More! More!" (hic)

The crowd followed the band to Union station and then up Yonge strip to City Hall. There we played for the skaters and assorted drunks until our lips fell off. Quickly moseying through the crowd, we re-formed back at the Royal York where we played all the parties in the hotel. In return for our musical efforts, we were given free mix for our free booze, plus one ociler (cheap, but not easy).

The best party we went to was Sam Berger's (owner of the A's) where we found out that football players do drink, smoke and mess around alot.

All in all, a good time was had by all and we will probably disband the LGMB because we'll never have a weekend like Grey Cup Weekend (except maybe we'll make it to Vancouver next year on a SAC cultural grant).

LGMB Records  
Christmas Gift Selection



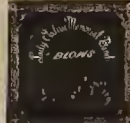
LGMB Band With the Runs 3<sup>99</sup> LP  
(Only five available at this price)



LGMB Band With the Runs 3<sup>99</sup> LP  
(Only five available at this price)



LGMB Band With the Runs 4<sup>00</sup> LP



LGMB Blows 3<sup>00</sup> LP  
(Limited quantity)



LGMB Band With the Runs 4<sup>00</sup> LP



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LGMB Band With the Runs 4<sup>00</sup> LP



LGMB Band With the Runs 4<sup>00</sup> LP

Sale Starts When you arrive  
Sale Ends When they're all sold

Available At ENGINEERING STORES  
Third floor Old Metro Library Building  
QUANTITIES ARE LIMITED!

HEY FIROSH !!  
LAFF HERE



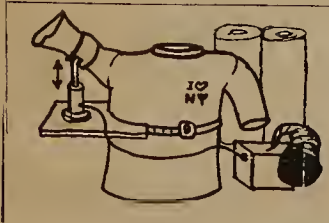
Feel the Velvet,  
Baby

This is a subliminal ad. If you stare at it for five minutes you will see a bald man with his hand on a woman's stomach.

This ad placed by the leader advertising company



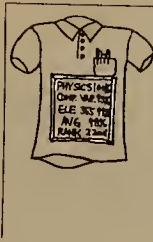
# MERRY CHRISTMAS



## Eng Sci T-shirts

### Keener model 1

When sensor detects break-in lecture hand is automatically raised so stupid question may be put forward.  
\*Special discount for quadruplegic Engineering Science Keeners\*  
("I love Eng Sci" insignia extra)



### Keener model 2

Multi-functioned LCD display gives constant display of past and present report cards, average marks, class rank, results of latest test. Computes results necessary to break 95%.



## Fool-proof hammer

This one's a beaut...a computer-designed hammer so fucking perfect, even an artsie woman can use it! Made of a fantastic new light-weight fellatium alloy, the new X-69 has been designed to give maximum pleasure with every blow. Once you've tried this baby, a simple bang just won't do. And for extra comfort, the handle is ribbed, to keep you hangin' on, even under the slipperiest conditions. We defy anyone to beat our tool! Only \$25 from Son-of-Mr. Chips Inc. Anaheim CA.

## Keener sit-in doll

Tired of sitting in tediously boring lectures? Do you have more important things to do than listen to a walking textbook? If you do, the Nice Dolly Co. of San Francisco has come up with the thing for you. An inflatable doll that will take your place in lectures. Options available: a super-keener TM doll which even asks dumb questions. For artsies, a pre-keener, responds to "Skip" and "Biff" and has its own Lacoste t-shirt. Cost: \$12.13, Nice Dolly Co. Ltd.



## Eng Sci key chain

Let's see. Next week you've got 3 midterms, 4 problem sets, and one mother-fucker of an electronics lab to write up. Don't fret. Calm your jitters with your choice of Tranquilizers and assorted hallucinogens. This nifty item even has a special compartment for a cyanide pill. Only \$2.99 from Rexco Specialties, 1134 Fishead Rd., Lima, Peru.



Dec. 2

Okay Claus,

We have all your reindeer. Give us one million dollars or you get them back.

The Gang

Dec. 6

Santa,

Anyone can make a mistake, the fact remains we still got those smelly deer of yours. If you ever want to see them again you'll be wise and cough up the money we want or you will be having reindeer burger for the next month

The Gang

Dec. 16

Santa old boy,

You know it and we know it. You can't fly down to the kiddies without your God damned fucking deer. What are we going to do? Pay up and get Christmas off to a good start. Or are you going to sit on your fucking money like 'the dog in the manger' and deprive all those kids around the world of one of the greatest joys in their life? Make up your mind quick or you know what will happen.

The Gang

Dec. 19

Shithead

Nol We won't take a dolly for each of us and a Mattel Hotwheels set for each of the little boys. You know we have been nasty all year round and we can get worse.

The Gang

Dec. 21

Dear Mr. Claus Sir,

This really wasn't my idea but Tom's (The reason he isn't writing to you this time is because he is recovering from a kick in the balls he received while trying to cut the ears off one of the reindeer (Rudolf, I think) and send it to you. Anyway here is a bit of hair from Rudolf, if you don't pay us you will force us to get mean with these deer.

The Gang

P.S. Please pay up quick, Tom makes me shovel up the shit these deer drop and that's some job. Besides I haven't let my mom into my room in over a month and the smell is just killing me. No offense meant, but did you know those deer are all homosexual? They spend half the night fucking each other and I got cum over everything I own.

Dec. 24

Santa

If you want to make a quick deal, you can have those queer deer of yours back for \$789.67. An itemized list follows for your files,

Item	No.	Description	Price
1	2	Haulage North Pole To North Bay	256.87
2	246	Bundles Hay	246.00
3	1	Cleaning of room	196.65
4	1	Case of Vitamins	54.35
5		Misc. Expenses	35.60

We would appreciate remittance as soon as possible so we may return them quickly and you may get on with your business.

You know who

Dec. 26

Dear Sir,

What the hell do you mean 'we can keep the deer'? What the fuck are we going to do with them? You just can't destroy tradition like that. And you are not going to unload these ugly, (censored 1987), fornicating deer in my house; not even if you had 100 Hueys that outperform whatever you said they outperform. We don't like your attitude. If you don't take them back you're in for trouble.

The Gang

Dec. 31

Santa Claus,

We will not take these animals to the nearest bus depot and send them

on their way prepaid. We will understand what great expense they are to your rather limited budget, but we also are not in a financial position to send them by greyhound, no matter what the group rate is. We only ask that you pay the bus fares, we will cover all other expenses.

The Gang

Jan 6, 1974

Ontario Humane Society  
North Bay, Ontario

Mr. Santa Claus,  
North Pole,  
Canada, MSV J7E

Dear Sir,

It has been brought to our attention that nine (9) reindeer (magic flying variety) found during a recent raid in this city belong to you. The persons who lived in the house are accused of committing unnatural acts of bestiality with the said animals and due to the vigilance of concerned neighbours, the offenders have been apprehended. We would also like to report to you, that the state these animals were kept in is appalling. Knowing that you will be unduly hurt by any other descriptions of what has been done to your animals, (we understand they were stolen) we will end with, they are all recovering in a compound here. Once they have fully recovered we will send them on to you.

Yours very truly,

John H. Bates,

ONTARIO HUMANE SOCIETY

P.S. We are sad to report that this experience has seriously damaged these deer, as they now seem to be quite homosexual (if that is possible). Also there seems nothing we can do to cure them of this tendency caused by their trauma. Maybe time will help them!



For All the  
People who  
Never got what  
They Really Deserved  
The Toke Olke Presents  
Its annual  
Christmas Gift  
Suggestion List by Giving

SAC: an American Express Card  
Varsity: new fur for copy potty  
Ken McEvoy: some relevant information  
Scar: R. Hurd (and they can keep him)  
U of T Bookstores: a 10% discount at A & A's  
St. Mike's: a calendar and the Pope's blessing  
Eric Miglin: a speedy recovery from Col Sanders  
U of T police: tickets to Mendelson - Mainline concert  
Dean Ham: two Bran Flakes box tops to accompany his official entry into the 'Presidency of U of T' contest  
Art McIlwain: The Ghost of Christmas Past  
St. Hilda's: a dinner speech by Peter Hall  
Simcoe Hall: copper polish-giant economy size  
Claude Bissell: e Bill Davis kissy kissy doll  
Craig Heron: SAC Educ. Oil.: a Dick and Jane Reader  
Jan at the Stores: a Dymond is a girl's best friend  
Toke Staff: a Puce Partridge in a Purple Pair Tree  
Bill Danison: a year's supply of 'elocution' lessons  
LGMBusiness: a successful takeover of M&M Enterprises  
Women's Lib.: honorary membership in U of T Homophile Ass.  
Mark Feldman: a year's appointments with 'Bruce' of Jarvis  
Pierre: Barbra wearing only a puce pair of Stanfield briefs  
Rochdale: location of Tony O'Donohue's secret stash  
\*S2\*: location for new police tower on top of Rochdale  
Su Crowe: Honourary minute-taker for Zero Population Growth  
John Roberts: a plastic copy of the last Ontario owned tree  
Mickey da V: permission from Chuck to use President's office  
Varsity Blues: One gross of No. 2 buttons so they can try harder  
J. Rodney Hurd: Delsey swathed copy of his election promise  
Web. Oliset: Alka Seltzer for long sessions censoring the Varsity  
U of T Homophile Assoc.: Ceta I Ramkhwansingha as honorary chairman  
Bill Palmer: thanks for showing us how to withdraw while standing firm  
Radio Varsity: A recording of Pat Dymond saying: "Ein Voice, Ein reich, ein Radio"  
Pat Dymond: a whip  
Boys of Trinity: a crowbar  
BSU: a White Christmas  
Don Shirley: a hearing aid  
Loretto: co-ed living  
Grad's restaurant: a cook  
Hart House: a woman's touch



# Merry Christmas

